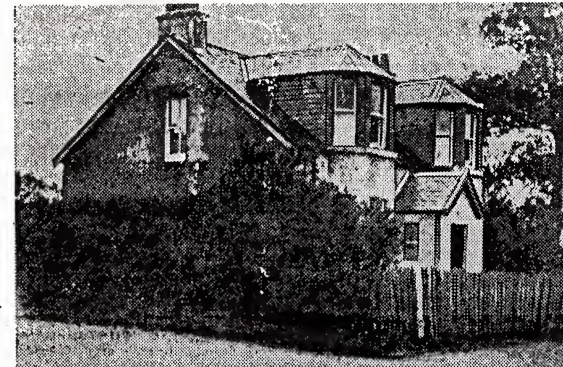




Officials of the Buller mining district who organised the 'monster demonstration' of 12 October 1912. Sitting on the step respectively second, third and fourth from the left are 'Banjo' Hunter, John Dowgray and Bob Semple.

(D. Moloney)

NOT 50



Tinto View, Douglas Water, the home of Mr. James C. Welsh, ex-M.P. for Coatbridge, where the Prime Minister arrived last night to spend a short holiday.

SECRET VISIT OF PREMIER.

QUIET HOLIDAY IN
LANARKSHIRE.

AUTHOR HOST.

Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, is spending a brief holiday in Lanarkshire. In an effort to avoid the glare of publicity his plans were kept secret, but when he arrived at Tinto View, the residence of Mr. James C. Welsh, well known as a miner, author and politician in Douglas Water, he was recognised by several people.

As a matter of fact, the information that the Premier was to be the guest of the former member of Parliament for Coatbridge had leaked out and many of the residents of the village were awaiting his arrival. Among those waiting was a representative of the *Daily Record*.

When a dull blue Talbot four-seater car stopped at Tinto View, however, the watchers were taken by surprise and the Prime Minister had to find the house before a cheer could be raised.

"LEAVE THE MAN ALONE."

When the *Daily Record* representative called at the house and asked for Mr. MacDonald, Mrs. Welsh asked, "Oh, why can't you leave the man alone?"

Mr. Welsh, who was very courteous, said that the renewing of an old friendship might be misconstrued, and therefore he preferred to make no definite statement.

Mrs. Robertson, the occupant of Moorfoot Toll House, about 200 yards from the wayside cottage where Mr. Welsh lives, admitted that she had been told by a member of the Welsh family that Mr. MacDonald was coming to stay with them for a few days.

This middle-aged lady and her family, who reside in the quaint toll house once visited by Burke and Hare, were among the select few who were informed of the Premier's impending visit, and throughout the day she stood at her doorstep waiting his arrival.

HISTORICAL LORE.

Mr. Welsh's home stands on an eminence overlooking the villages of Ponfeigh and Douglas Water, and commands a magnificent vista extending for miles. It is apparent that the Premier's love of nature has drawn him to this charming spot, which is steeped in the historical lore of Scotland. It is the home of the Douglasses, and nearby is situated Douglas Castle, the seat of the Earl of Home.

Mr. James C. Welsh is well known as a novelist and politician. His publica-

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AND MAIL
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tions include, "The Underworld," "The King and the Miner," "Songs of a Miner," and "Norman Dale, M.P."

His reference to the possible misconstruction of the Premier's visit is probably due to the fact that he was one of those who declined to follow the Premier at the break-up of the Labour Cabinet.

THE SCOTTISH FREE PRESS

No. 1—Vol. I.

MAY 1933

Circulation, 100,000

LET US INHERIT

** Nothing
Chen 200*

NO poet, no prophet, no dreamer or seer, thinker, autocrat or democrat, however fertile the imagination, ever envisioned life as we know it to-day. Far beyond the wit of Man, teachings and arts, Humanity is fashioned and patterned in a strange maze.

Banks are choked with gold; idle money and idle men; harvests are burned and destroyed before the eyes of the starving millions. Poverty and hunger, material and ethical, in a world of plenty and abundance for all.

Across Perishing Barriers

At the perishing barriers which stand between Mankind and Prosperity and Peace we look across a bewildering scene.

In Glasgow alone there are 131,000 unemployed citizens. More than the combined populations of the great Clyde towns, Rutherglen, Hamilton, Wishaw, and Motherwell.

For this strange race society has no place. And every community in the land contains its derelict zone, indeed, whole communities have become desolated.

Our National Government, the most powerful yet known in these islands, secured power on a forthright programme of scaling down salaries, reducing wages, cutting down unemployment benefits—the policy of tightening belts.

Surely the most amazing thing in this amazing world is the patience and endurance of the millions.

Was Yours the Hand?

AND did your hand, dear, gentle reader, you true-born independent brither Scot, go out in support of this record?

Your little cross, which you found ready for your strong hand, was won for you by the life-blood of others on the scaffold or as they clattered out on the dreary wastes of exile.

These men, who fought for the freedom that is ours, did not die for the little crosses to deny their ideal of Liberty, their Dream of the Free.

Was yours the hand that stilled the Dream?

One Thing Remains

MAN has conquered the sea, the land, the air. Through long centuries he has struggled seeking dominion and sovereignty over the mysteries of life, experiencing changing modes which again taught him new laws in the art of living. In this way he won new measures of creative power over each crisis of life.

In this hour of supreme triumph when all the good gifts of life are available in abundance to enjoy, and no man, woman, or child need go without the fullest satisfaction, this same glorious hour of triumph is the hour of Man's greatest defeat.

One thing remains for him to learn: how to govern well. And so we live in a world of plenty knowing unequalled devastation and desolation.

MARCH ON WITH US

It was Winston Churchill who recently exclaimed, "When will the glories of the Old World return?"

To this there can be but one answer: They must never return.

For This We Take Our Stand

WITH Justice on our side the *Scottish Free Press* goes forth to the people to make clear the Land for the Free. The happy laughter of little children is more than the jingle of the keys of banks.

The first law of Society is: To Hell with Humanity; give us our Dividends. The first law of Life answers back clear and sure: To Hell with your Dividends, give us Humanity.

For childhood, youth and maiden, manhood and womanhood, we rise to assert our just inheritance. Away with the rotten slums, the derelict communities, the degradation and humiliation of the unemployed; away with the inhuman Means Test, the ill rewards of those who serve and toil. These we fling back in the faces of the rulers and masters who gave them.

We are on the side of rebel Humanity.

Victory in the Struggle

OUR great Trade Unions are occupied in fighting a sordid rearguard action: our first line of defence against a senseless imposition of low wages, reduced standards of living, problems of the unemployed, and each changing task of the day.

Within these organisations stand the workers with the power to operate the productive machine. We shall build with the instruments fashioned out of the age-long struggle by our fathers. Those instruments we shall perfect for the service of the people.

In the Co-operative Movement we have the greatest agency of distribution yet devised by man.

This great Movement is in active protest against Private Enterprise. Within the Co-operative Movement lies the services our new Social Life of our Country will need for the distribution of the wealth we control when we inherit the land we live in.

To inform, to instruct, to consolidate, and break ahead for our inheritance is the part the *Scottish Free Press* will take in securing victory in the struggle.

And Here Are Our Methods

THE SCOTTISH SOCIALIST PARTY will define our forward policy on the way. Socialism is our aim and purpose. Therein are the highest ideals for which Humanity can strive to attain. We shall make our mistakes; but, God wot, someone has said that those who made no mistakes never made anything.

Around our ideals we seek to rally the Country. We go to the field against a powerful enemy. We do not underestimate the unequal battle. But we grow. Our platform, the *Scottish Free Press*, literature, study circles, Youth organisation, the changing crisis of the day, Municipal and Local Government, and in Parliamentary Elections, there we will be found, there are the scenes of battle-ground.

In the courage of a great dream we come to you. Understanding, you will join our ranks.

Our tribute to the fighters before us who gave the dream and the courage.

The Age of Abundance is here: let us inherit.

THE EDITOR.

EDWARD HUNTER

Across the Years

By EDWARD HUNTER
("Billy Banjo")

"The Hon. J. Lee was on the wireless the other night and spoke of 'Billy Banjo,' your life and work and your writings and quoted one of your poems. He said he did not know what had become of you, or whether you were alive or dead."—Robt. Hogg in a letter written from New Zealand, 1st January, 1939.

The first, the last, what would you give
To take the place of what was best?
What cherished hour would you relive
Between the striving and the rest?
Or in the ruin of a day
Of what was done or what was said,
To die in peace or live to pray?
Am I alive or am I dead?
So, friend, across the years I sing
For all the journeyings we knew;
There's sadness in remembering,
Yet joy in what we aimed to do:
The red rose that we meant to grow
And the rank weed that came instead,
Nor thought that one might wish to know
Be I alive or be I dead.
Along the crowded city street,
Or in the beauty of the glen,
Or tracks worn with the passing feet
By sea and camp and marts of men,
They taught, but not the way we went,
For none had gone the roads we sped,
We borrowed only what we lent:
Am I alive or am I dead?
Some sober got on beer and wine,
The gamble was a world at stake,
And some got drunk with dreams so fine
And died; our souls in give and take:
Bottle of sin or wreath of gold,
Our book no one had penned or read,
We all were bought, we all were sold:
Am I alive or am I dead?
Our dream, for all that wisdom spoke,
We would not, in our folly, still:
The prophets on our madness broke
And could not bend our wayward will;

So heaven some found in sparkling beer,
Some found it ere the dream had fled,
Our aims no'or felt the coward fear:
Am I alive or am I dead?
The laughter of the waving corn,
The wash of seas upon the shore,
The brightness of summer moon,
Or blood-red sun above our door,
The world of hope from those who fell
Were in our song where none had led,
Now in my wish could I but tell
Am I alive or am I dead?
We loved, we laughed, we cursed, we prayed,
And held it truth what none could gauge,
We hurt our friends, and heroes made
Of foca well-learned from age to age:
And so the years went richly by,
For all the wealth we ever pled
The right to live was but to die:
Am I alive or am I dead?
And does the grass grow long and green
Around the graves where once I stood?
The waters lipping through the scene
Like tears that mingled in the food?
As memoried names borne on the breeze
Awakened from the river-bed
I hear again the prison keys:
Am I alive or am I dead?
And now the red rose proud in flower,
The rose men said died in our hand,
Across the seas in every hour
Its fragrance sheds on every land:
Dear friend, the best since life began,
For all we dream, for all we strive,
Is simple trust 'tween man and man,
This faith it is to be alive.

Collier Artists

IS there any district in the world, I wonder, so rich in the production of authors as the mining areas of Scotland? Poets, dramatists, novelists, and composers pour forth a rich and beautiful stream of work, every little village seems to have its author, community drama flourishes in Lanarkshire, Fifeshire and Ayrshire.

Men like James Welsh, whose "Under the Hammer" is a sale of one hundred thousand copies, Joe Corrie, whose stories and plays are now known in Germany and Russia, and Edward Hunter, who is a composer as well as an author, are artists of whom any land might be proud. The latest collier dramatist is Thomas Paterson, of Tranent, whose comedy drama is to be produced in Edinburgh next week.



Joe Corrie and James Welsh, M.P.,
colliers and authors both.